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THE STAR



1921



THE STAR

VOL. I

NO. I

BETHEL HIGH SCHOOL



DEDICATED

to

S. JUNIUS HUSKETH B. A.

Wake Forest College 1907

Student Lake Chautauqua, Summer '13.

Student State College, Summer' 15.

Graduate student University of North Carolina, Summers 1917—1920.

Principal Lowe's Grove Farm Life School 1911—'17.

Superintendent Bethel High School 1918—'21,
whose unfailing patience and generosity to his pupils
and the community, the Editors beg to dedicate this
first edition of the STAR as a small token of their ap-
preciation.



S. J. HUSKETH, Superintendent

THE FACULTY

S. J. Huskoth, B. A. Superintendent.

Miss Doris Overton, B. A. English and History.

Miss Ola Andrews, B. A. Mathematics and Foreign Language.

Miss Louise Smith, B. S., Science and Home Economics

Mrs. C. L. Wilson, (Cornell) Music.

Miss Mary Beckwith, (N. C. C. W.) Seventh Grade.

Miss Agnes Ferebee, (Blackstone College) Sixth Grade.

Miss Vivian Jenkins, (E. C. T. T. S.) Fifth Grade.

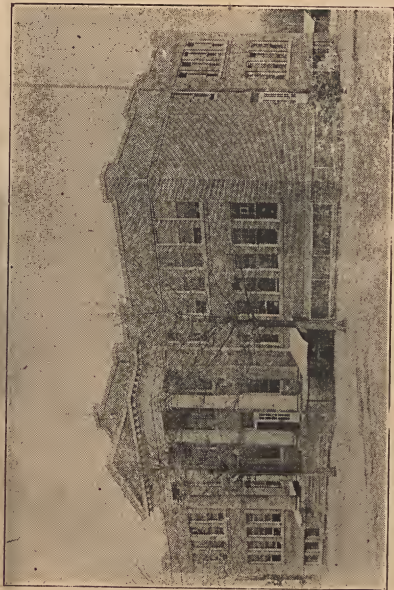
Miss Fannie Jackson, (E. C. T. T. S.) Fourth Grade

Miss Janie Lassiter, (Louisburg College) Third Grade.

Miss Zell Dew, (Flora McDonald College) Second Grade.

Miss Addie Lloyd, (Wesleyan College) A First Grade.

Miss Henrietta Zahniser, (E. C. T. T. S.) B First Grade



BETHEL HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

BETHEL SCHOOL

CLASS 1921

COLORS—GREEN AND WHITE
FLOWER—WHITE CARNATION

MOTTO

"Hitch Your Wagon to a Star"



Annie Elizabeth Harris, Sponsor

ANNIE GERTRUDE JONES
Bethel, N. C.

Bethel High School '17-'21
Hesperian Literary Society,
member State Triangular de-
bating team '21; Basket Ball
Team '21; Class Sec. '21;
Editor-in-chief "The Star";
Pres. Excelsior Music Club
'21; Testator of class '21.

"June" will make her place
in the world and in the hearts
of her associates by her sweet
manner and even tempera-
ment. Success is hers.

"Her angel's face,

As the great eye of heaven,
shined bright,
And made the sunshine in
the shady place".



**JAMES CLARENCE
WHITEHURST**
Bethel, N. C.

Bethel High School '16-'21;
Pres. Class '21. Pres. Vance
Literary Society; Track
Class Poet '21; "Star Staff";
Team '19; Class Poet, '21;
Excelsior Music Club.

Behold the exalted Presi-
dent of Bethel's greatest
class. If "Frosty" masters
his course in the technical
world as well as he presides
over his class, he will reach
the top, and may be an Edi-
son, or a Wright.

"O blest with temper whose
unclouded ray,
Can make to-morrow cheerful
as to-day."





FRANCES WILLARD
SMITH

Bethel, N. C.

Bethel High School '17-21;
Cor. Sec. Class '21; Sec. Ex-
celsior Music Club; Pres. Hes-
perian Literary Society; High
School Debate '18-'19'20, 21;
School Representative in Tri-
angular Debate at Chapel
Hill '19, '20; Basket Ball
Team; Class Prophet.

"Frank" will win with her
living eyes.

Who knows but they, with
her oratical voice, will
sway thousands.

"Thus we sail without care or
sorrow

With trust for today and
hope for tomorrow."

NANNIE ELIZABETH
WHITEHURST

Bethel, N. C.

Bethel High School '17-21;
Vice-Pres. Class '21; Presi-
dent Hesperian Literary So-
ciety; winner recitation med-
al '17; Class Historian.

The muse will lead "Nan-
cy Jane" into the path of
useful service. By her win-
ning personality she will be
a success in whatever phase
of life she is called upon to
fill.

"The fair, the chaste, the un-
expressive she".





ROBERT ELI BURROUGHS

Bethel, N. C.

Bethel High School '17-'21; Treasurer Class '21; Treasurer Vanco Literary Society; Mgr. "Star" Staff; Basket Ball Team '21; Debater '19, '20, '21; School Representative at Chapel Hill '19, '20; Track Team '19; Excelsior Music Club '21.

If ladies and electricity will mix "Bob" will climb fast on the ladder of fame and reach the top with a grin.

"If he takes you in hand, Sir, with an argument, he'll bray you in a mortar".

HISTORY CLASS 1921

(By Nannie Whitehurst)

It was in the autumn of 1917 when we, fifteen "newish," entered High School. The ages, sizes and mental capacity of each greatly varied. In the Freshman year of our High School life our class was a large one. But several of our members for different reasons dropped out. Larry Brown, deciding that Bethel was entirely too small for a man of his ability, decided to cast his lot with the Cullowhee School, while Mary Manning and Russell Whitehurst fell along the pathway. Rubelle Thomas, who was the life of our class, stopped because she found that her school life seriously interfered with her correspondence with her numerous beaux. Thelma Brown, Benjamin Manning and Carey Brown also decided that the Freshman class of Bethel High School was not for them, but other things called and they responded with light hearts, throwing Latin and Algebra to the winds. During our first year we underwent embarrassing experiences as freshmen. However, despite our many trials and tribulations, eleven of us came out as victors and were able to walk proudly into the sophomore class with due amount of dignity.

This second year may truly be called "The Golden Age of Our Youth." We never were blamed for our rudeness and were allowed to go unpunished for many ridiculous things, for nothing else could be expected of "Sophs." We welcomed every freshman in the "Newish" class with delight and did our best toward training them in the way they should go. But as we saw that we never could change their freshman habits we devoted our last two months to recapture our work. Again, we lost some of the members of our class. Xury Manning and Willie Lewis, deciding that they were men of the world, fell out of the ranks and filled places as such, while Lucile Martin, realizing that she had heart disease, decided to go down to Winterville to see if the climate there wouldn't improve her health.

The survivors were a little tired when vacation came, and we thought that if all came back and worked as hard the next year as they did in their sophomore year, we would have a class to be proud of.

The session of '19-'20 found the class of '21 plugging away on the third run of the journey. As juniors we couldn't help but look back with pleasure and forward with anticipation. We no longer had to receive the "abuses" lavished extravagantly upon freshmen. As juniors we felt ourselves very important and did not fail to rub it into the "newish." There were no hard feeling, of course, but at this step up the ladder of knowledge we felt puffed up with importance and knew, or thought we knew more than the seniors and faculty combined. All of our members except six had fallen by the wayside, for different reasons, and these six stuck fast and were, at the end of the term presented with the privilege of entering "seniorland." We had come thus far and we had come in a run; some of us out of breath, but we determined to grit our teeth and finish in style yet.

Of the fifteen members that tentered as freshmen in '17 there were now only seven dignified seniors. Our vacation had passed quickly and we returned soon and claimed the name of "Seniors." Only a Senior knows how to appreciate that title. "Red" Andrews honored us with his presence this year. Among the numerous achievements of the Senior Class was the organization of the Overall Club, which "Red" Andrews had the honor of organizing. Physical training appealed to many of our members rather than mental. "Red," deciding that he preferred the mill to French and English, fell from our ranks. Also, later on, one of our most active members, Helen Bullock, fell from the yacht of "Seniorhood" into the sea of matrimony, and the senior class draped our "Dew Drop Inn" private office in black for one day. We had at last come to the top step of the ladder, and now we had undergone the "grinding process" for so long that we felt we were by this

time transformed into small "sparkling jewels." We felt the time drawing near for us to leave old Bethel High School, but in our hearts her name shall we enthrone. We shall forever cherish and honor her. Memories of her will make sweet the joys that here we know. For us new paths are opened and new duties will fill our days, but as we leave these dear old walls may our lives be an honor to her fair name! Now we feel a sadness that will never pass away, for we know we shall never return as students to her dear old walls again.

CLASS SONG

(By Clarence Whitehurst)
(With apologies to Stephen Foster)

Gone are the days when we were fresh and green,
Gone is the time as Sophomores we were seen,
Gone Junior year and Senior all so dear,
We hear the voice of High School students no more here.

Out in the world we go to take our place,
And meet our trials with a smiling face;
Though sad we are to leave this hallowed spot,
With heroism we meet our task and take our lot.

As years go by in duty's path we'll stay,
Our motto grand we'll follow day by day;
And to our school our hearts will e'er be true,
Until life's work is ended and we live anew.

CLASS POEM

(By Clarence Whitehurst)

The years of toil have fled at last,
As thru the high school we have passed;
Seniors now, who bore 'mid toil and strife
The many cares of high school life.

In freshmen days we saw the light
Of Senior glory gleam clear and bright;
The four weary years seemed hard and long,
But we mounted our ladder with a song.

"Oh, stop," the gay world said, "and rest;
Don't bother your head with quizzes and tests."
But with our aim ever in sight,
We toiled upward thru the night.

And now we have reached the longed-for day,
Tired, but proudly happy and gay,
While up in the sky, serene and far,
Shines our own unfailing star.

CLASS STATISTICS

(By Robert Burroughs)

This class is composed of five animals that broke out of the local zoological garden in nineteen hundred seventeen and entered Bethel High School.

The total height of this class is twenty-six feet and eight inches. The volume of this class is one hundred thirty-four thousand seven hundred and eighty four cubic inches. The total weight of this class is seven hundred and fifty pounds. In order to get an idea of the size of this class, we will think of it in mechanical terms; that is, if an object equal in weight to the total weight of this class were to fall a distance equal to the total height of this class it would develop twenty thirty-thirds of a horsepower.

Annie Gerteude Jones, the largest one in the class, weighs one hundred and seventy pounds. She is about six feet tall, not counting the heels under her shoes. While she was in school her most interesting subjects were geometry and algebra, but she seemed to do better work on those she did not like so well. Annie Gertrude is very fond of boys. Perhaps this accounts for her disliking the subjects which boys generally omit.

Clarence Whitehurst, better known as "Silas Green" or "Frosty," is the most attractive member of the class, as his names imply. His coal black hair is very wavy and he is about 5 feet high. "Silas" is not very crazy over girls, but they are crazy over him. It must be that black hair and gray eyes that draw them like honey draws the flies.

Frances Smith, the shortest of all the girls in this class, is a typical blonde. She has very little, if any, use for boys. She despises the ground their shadow falls upon. Frances is an excellent student in mathematics, but not much on foreign languages, as she does not like them, so she does not study them very much. Frances has never in the whole history of her high school life agreed with Robert Burroughs, another animal of this class on any subject. If any question arises, this class can

say it is not one-sided, because Frances and "Bob" will be sure to take opposite sides on it.

Nannie Whitehurst is the longest and slimmest member of this class. She is about six and one-half feet tall and weighs only ninety pounds. Nannie is noted for the rapid speed at which she walks. Nannie makes the honor roll every month.

Robert Burroughs is the shortest member of the whole class. He weighs nearly two hundred and twenty-five pounds. For Geometry he cares very little, but he likes French and English very well. "Bob" spends the largest part of his time studying science. He is crazy over the girls, but unlike "Silas", the girls are not very crazy over him.

The total circumference of this class is one hundred and fifty feet. The combined age is eighty-five years.

PROPHECY OF SENIOR CLASS

(By Francis Smith)

"Late, late, so late!"

How tired I am tonight! That "math" is terrible and that prophecy of the senior class to write and only three days to finish it—but I can't do it tonight if the world never does hear the future of all the cranks, giants and idiots in this class. But, with a duty staring me in the face, I again dig away at the problem. But soon, when everybody else is sleeping, I too, am carried away into dreamland, where geometry has no dominion. It was sweet there. But, by and by, I saw a large crowd going to our old high school building. I inquired the reason and was told that it was a class reunion. The class of '21 had come back. Years and years had elapsed since our graduation. We had filled our place in life and now, after the aged grandsire, Time, had touched our lives not lightly, we again turned to the school where we received our first diplomas.

A large crowd had assembled to do us honor. Clarence Whitehurst presided over the class as he did in '21, and as he sat in his chair we noticed that his form was stooped and his raven locks had turned to silver. And he, as class poet, rose and read in a cracked and squeaky voice the poem he wrote while a senior.

It then became my duty to give the prophecy of the class as I had done many years before. "As I dipped into the future far as human eyes could see"—I beheld in every walk of life the class of '21 taking the lead.

"First, while walking down Broadway in New York City, I heard the loud cry of the newsboy, 'Extra! Extra! Great tidder just back from Italy.' From curiosity I purchased a paper and on opening it, I found my old class mate's face, Nannie Whitehurst, staring at me from the front page. And in big letters I saw that 'the world renowned violinist was to play at the Hippodrome.'

"That night in my box I again looked upon my friend's face for the first time in ten years. She had grown into a mature and beautiful woman, and as she placed the violin in position I realized that her air castles in the old days had not been in vain, as she with her violin brought the tears to thousands of eyes that night.

After the close of the concert I realized that it was raining and as I hesitated for just a moment in the door, I was rudely jostled by a man with his stout wife and family, and gazing with wrath in my eyes, I realized I was looking into the eyes of none other than James Clarence Whitehurst, the president of our class in high school. After we had greeted each other he introduced me to his wife. They urged me to spend the night with them, and told me that I might have the privilege of sharing again the room with Miss Whitehurst, as she was to stay in their home that night. The temptation was great, so I went. That night in Clarence's home, which was situated on the broad banks of the Hudson, he told us how, after leaving college, he had seen that his only talent, interior decorating, should be developed, so he immediately went to Paris. After ten years he had come back to America and society drew him "into her embrace." When new homes were built, none other than he must decorate them and after a few years he was able to retire from active business with a fortune.

The next morning twelve o'clock found me again at my hotel, and I, being dressed for my journey, decided to look over some old letters. After reading a few I came across one addressed in the unforgettable handwriting of Robert Burroughs. I opened it with curiosity, as its date was perhaps six months old. It was as follows:

"Dear Frank:

"Oh boy! I've got it now. To think that I have at last invented the thing of my dreams. I have planned it for years, dreamed about it, and now that I am about to finish it, I cannot find the one necessary screw for its completion. I have hunt-

ed in China, Japan and over Europe, and in North and South America, but all in vain, for the screw has not been invented, and I cannot be inspired to make the thing. But, here, please pardon me. I have raved on and haven't told you what my last invention was, the one which turned my hair gray. It—but how can I utter its sacred name, even to you, an old class mate? But if I must—it is a powder puff run by electricity.”

Here the porter came for my trunks and I was obliged to delay reading Robert's letter until later, but after I had established myself comfortably on the train, Robert and his “problem” again occurred to me, and I wondered what had become of his invention and whether the inspiration had come for the much longed for screw. Just then the porter came through the coach and I purchased a paper. After reading the local news of the day I turned to the society column, and there, half asleep, I looked over the weddings, parties, etc., until I sat suddenly up, wide awake, realizing that another of my old class was embarking upon the sea of matrimony, for the paper announced the marriage of Mr. Robert Burroughs to Miss Helena Hermania Haynes on December the twenty-fifth, nineteen hundred and thirty-one.

It was December twenty-third and I found myself hurrying to “Happy Valley” Mass., to attend the wedding of my old friend. It was midnight and I, being tired, went to sleep. Soon I was awakened by the porter for the purpose of changing trains. Gathering my baggage together and getting off the train, I found that I had missed my connection. Now, this was a problem, as I could not leave Boston, (the place of my change) until the next night. This would mean, of course for me to miss the wedding. While I was still wondering what to do, a train came into the station and I saw a slim blond woman who

looked strangely familiar get off. Then I caught a glimpse of her face. I rushed up to her and after the usual amount of kissing, she took me to her home. Annie Gertrude's home was one of love and contentment; she presided over her table in a manner which brought back the pleasant high school dinners the class of '21 had enjoyed together and which she had presided over so gracefully.

The next morning, Annie Gertrude, the tall aristocratic man she called husband, and I started to Robert's wedding through the beautiful country in their car. As we left the "Gray Nest" behind, I glanced back and realized that Annie Gertrude had found her true vocation.

Three months later on stopping over for a night with Annie Gertrude, we saw where Mr. and Mrs. Robert Eli Burroughs had returned from their honeymoon and that Mr. Burroughs had been inspired during the trip to make the "wonder screw" which was necessary to finish his electric powder puff. And furthermore, there was a paragraph which said "All the ladies in America and Europe are looking forward to owning one of Mr. Burroughs' wonderful invention, as it will save them at least two hours hard work each day."

* * *

Um!—My gracious! What a dream I have had! I certainly dreamed some hard things about my class mates. I do hope I didn't talk aloud. But, my, I must get up and study that geometry or I'll flunk sure."

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF CLASS '21

(By Anne Gertrude Jones)

We, the members of the Senior Class of the Bethel High School, being of sound body, but few of us being of sound mind, in order to have a more pleasant farewell do ordain and establish our last will and testament:

First, It is our desire that the Junior Class shall fall heir to our "Dew Drop Inn", private office on the left of the stage, on condition of good behavior. We desire this class to have the use of this office during the entire year, but if misbehavior should occur, we will to Mr. Husketh the privilege of depriving them of its use. We will also to the Senior Class the privilege of adopting our class ring for the standard seal of Bethel High School.

Second, Again we will and bequeath to the Junior Class till the wisdom and dignity of our Senior Class, our reputation in geometry, our privilege of not staying under a room teacher during study periods.

Third, We will to the Sophomore Class all the advice and good counsel we have received during the past four years, and it is our desire that they will sit up and take heed henceforth and forevermore.

Fourth, To the Freshman Class we extend our heartfelt sympathy for the hardships they have undergone during the past year, but we wish to advise them to keep on striving, for in the end they will come out on top.

Fifth, To the incoming Freshman Class, we will and bequeath all our trials and tribulations we have had since 1917. To these newish students, it is also our desire to will them our class colors and flower.

Sixth, To the school as a token of our esteem and appreciation, we do will and bequeath a rug for the stage. This we desire to be used only during such periods as commencement and other entertainments in the auditorium.

Seventh, To Irvin Taylor we do will and bequeath Robert Burroughs' privilege of ringing the bells, and Clarence Whitehurst's genius in geometry.

Eighth, To Edward Burroughs we will and bequeath Clarence Whitehurst's art in French.

Ninth, To Lucile Martin we do will and bequeath Frances Smith's poetic talent and Nannie Whitehurst's style of theme writing.

Twelfth, To Lillian Carson we will and bequeath Frances desire to will Clarence Whitehurst's habit of sitting on the barrel under the old China tree with Nell Parker.

Eleventh, We will and bequeath to Myrtle Lewis Nannie Whitehurst's art in flirting.

Twelfth, To Lillian Carson we will and bequeath Francis Smith's quietness and modesty.

Thirteenth, To Samuel Whitehurst it is our deepest desire to will Clarence Whitehurst's talent in music, both voice and piano.

Fourteenth, Robert Burrough desires us to will to Frank Whitehurst his remarkable talent in "puppy loving."

Fifteenth, We will and bequeath to Ida Whitehurst Frances Smith's art in making eyes and to Dodie Martin, Nannie Whitehurst wills her style of arranging her tresses.

Sixteenth, Robert Burroughs wills to Lucile Martin his privilege of remaining down street until after chapel each morning. His argument for willing this privilege to a girl is that now we have equal suffrage.

Seventeenth, To the entire faculty we wish to express our appreciation for their co-operation with us during the past year. We wish them the greatest success in their work.

Eighteenth, We appoint as executors those members of the Junior Class who shall continue with the school for another year. We admonish them to carry out the provisions of this will according to its true intents and purposes.

In witness whereof, we do hereby set our hands, this 24th day of May, 1921.

(Signed) Senior Class of Bethel High School.

THE FRIGHT OF TWO BROTHERS

(With Apologies to Milton)

(By Annie Gertrude Jones)

Alice, her elder brother and her younger brother, wished to go to the inauguration of President Harding, but neither of them had money enough to go, unless they should attempt the journey on foot. Alexandria was about twenty-five miles from Washington, but in spite of the distance they were determined to go, as neither of them had ever witnessed an occasion of this kind.

Early on the morning of March 3, 1921, the three having made preparation for the journey started to Washington. Thinking they would make the trip safely by night, they carried lunch enough to last during the day only. Five o'clock in the afternoon found them seven miles from their destination, and the brothers saw that Alice was too tired to go farther. Thus it was decided to spend the night in the forest, and make an early start next morning in order to reach Washington in plenty of time for the celebration.

The two brothers at once set out to hunt berries for their sister's supper, and on departing they gave her instructions not to wander from this place. In spite of her promise, Alice disobeyed her brothers, and when they returned to the spot where they left her she was not to be found.

Both of the brothers were alarmed at the disappearance of their sister, but the elder brother's attitude was entirely different from that of his younger brother. The elder brother remarked at the darkness of the night; not a ray of light could be seen, not even from the heavens. The younger brother was distressed greatly at his sister's disappearance and was wondering where she was at the time and whether her person had satisfied the hunger of some savage beast. The elder bro-

ther, too, was distressed about Alice, but he did not take such a melancholy mood as the younger brother. He said,

“What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet that he must avoid?
How bitter is self delusion.”

Or if they be but false alarm of fear,

He believed that his sister was perfectly safe and that nothing could harm a girl as virtuous as she. But the younger brother still feared for his sister's safety. He said:

“Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree,
Laden with blooming gold had need of dragon watch
with unenchanted eye,
To save her blossoms and save her fruit,
From the rash hands of bold Incontinence.”

While the two brothers stood arguing, a clear, sweet voice sounded from within the depths of the forest with “enchanting ravishment”—a voice which sounded as if something holy were lodged in the breast from whence it came.

“How sweetly did they (tones) float upon the wings
Of silence, throguh the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiled.”

Hearing this almost heavenly music, the two brothers knew it to be the voice of their lost sister.

Immediately they set out in the direction from whence the voice came.

Alice was sitting on the roots of a tree weeping as if her heart would break when her brothers found her. At the sight of them her tears suddenly vanished and once more she was as beautiful, heavenly, divine and happy looking as before.

Early in the morning of March 4th, 1921, the three set out for Washington, and by ten o'clock they reached the city just in time to witness the long anticipated celebration.

PIRATE CUSTOMS

(By Edward Burroughs)

The word pirate, or buccaneer, carries with it a thrill. The very mention of the name of Flint, England, Blackbeard, or some of the other noted pirate captains, sends a chill all thru one's body. The pirates were very cruel and committed numberless crimes, but we look upon them as brave, daring people, and even admire them for their bravery. It is very true they were law breakers and thieves, but when we think of the risks they ran, the hairbreadth escapes they had, and their thrilling adventures, we learn to admire them. Their dangers are numerous.

At first the different pirate ships went around separately, but later they organized under the leadership of one captain. Among these pirate chiefs, the widest known were Davis, Roberts, Kidd, Morgan, Flint, Blackbeard and England. When organized, they probably followed a code of unwritten laws.

But the greatest harm fell upon the commerce of Spain. The pirates' chief objectives were the ships bearing the gold from Peru and other Spanish colonies in South America, to Spain. It was their love for gold, together with their thirst for bloodshed, that caused the pirates to take the ships and kill the crew and passengers.

When we think of the appearance of a pirate, we conceive him as a brawny, sun burned creature, with long whiskers and with scars all over his flesh. His eyes are keen and his hands are toughened by work and the sun. As for his clothes, he wears a loose, ragged garment, splotted all over with blood. Round his waist is a belt containing a brace of pistols and a cutlass or two.

When pirates captured a ship they used various methods to dispose of their prisoners. Sometimes they killed the men, but kept the women to torture. They often marooned the captive. That is, they set them off on an uninhabited island with a few provisions, a gun, and some ammunition. Sometimes they fastened a board to the deck of the ship, so that it extended over

the side of the vessel. Then they blindfolded the prisoners and made them walk the plank. Blindfolded as they were, naturally they fell off the plank into the water and were drowned.

These so called "Gentlemen of Fortune" usually flew the Jolly Roger, a black flag, but when they sighted a merchant ship they put up a flag of some nation so that they would not be recognized. When they came up alongside the merchantman, they boarded it, killed or captured the crew and passengers and took what things they wanted.

Disputes were often settled by means of fights. The pirates were usually superstitious. This was shown by the action of Flint's former crew in "Treasure Island." Their favorite sea-song, of which the first verse runs as follows,

"Fifteen men on a dead man's chest,
Yo, ho, ho, and a bottle of rum,
Drink and the Devil had done for the rest,
Yo, ho, ho, and a bottle of rum."

originated from an incident occurring on an island in the Atlantic ocean. A ship was wrecked and the occupants were stranded upon an island called the Dead Man's Chest, with a little food and some wine. When later found there were only fifteen men and a quantity of rum or wine.

Pirates had a custom of conferring a black spot on captains if they wished to depose them, or they would confer it upon any pirate to inform him that he was to be killed or deposed. The black spot was a round piece of paper smoked on one side, and the message which was to be told the person was written on the smoked side. For instance, if a captain was to be deposed, the word "Deposed" would be written on the black spot and the spot given the captain.

Before the order or message would take effect, all the pirates would have to give their consent to it, the causes of this black spot being conferred upon him would have to be brought before the convicted, and it would have to be proved that he was guilty of the things which they accused him of. Then he would be deposed if it was proven that he was guilty.

They had strongholds to which they would go to get supplies and fill out their crews, and repair their ships. Tripoli and Algiers were once famous as pirate strongholds.

The pirates generally buried their treasures on lonely, secluded islands or in strange, unfamiliar places.

If captured, pirates were usually convicted for murder, and hanged. This was the fate of Captain Kidd and his crew.

FOR THE LACK OF A COLLAR BUTTON

(By Robert Burroughs)

There was going to be a party Friday night. The boys were to wear a dress suit with a stiff front shirt, and a high collar, the kind preachers wear.

I gathered all my outfit Friday afternoon. My dress suit was about two years old and, as I had quite outgrown it, it fitted me very tightly. This did not matter for that was the style. The coat was too short, but this was altered by removing some of the padding from the shoulders, and trimming the spike tails so as to make them look longer. The coat was very tight across the shoulders, also.

After supper I went to my room to dress. I gave my suit another close inspection and found it in good condition. I immediately began dressing. The trousers fitted very tightly. The coat was so tight across the shoulders I could hardly get into

The collar was very uncomfortable as I had not been accustomed to this kind. My stiff front shirt felt as if the wash woman had left the ironing board in it,

When I went to the mirror to take a look at my hardware, for that it is what it felt like, I discovered the collar was riding the binding. When I tried to fix it the collar button on the rear fell on the floor and rolled under the dresser. The dresser was very low and with all this paraphernalia on I certainly had to do some skillful maneuvering to reach that collar button. About the time I got my hand on it I heard something like a hand saw cutting a dry gourd and a queer feeling ran over me.

I thought the lightning had struck very near me. When I raised up and looked in the mirror the secret was revealed. My collar was cracked in two places, the shirt front was broken in four pieces, my coat was split down the back from end to end, and my trousers were a total wreck.

But this was just a part of it, for when I began to reason it out, it nearly made me sick to think that this great calamity happened to me and I could not go to the party. And all of this was for the lack of a collar button.

The End (but not of a perfect day.)

JOKES

A primary teacher expecting a group of teachers to visit her room to observe, told the children to wash their hands, face, neck and ears very good that night. One little boy went home and said, "Mama, Miss Zahniser told me to wash most all over tonight."

Nannie (absently)—"Why, Miss Overton, I didn't know we had "Comus" today. I thought we were going to have Milton."

Miss Ferebee, (filling out register)—Sarah, in what year were you born?"

Sarah—1709.

Hubert Burroughs (after studying physiology and geography)—"Miss Beckwith, isn't the alimentary canal in Europe?"

Frank Martin (to Luther Nobles, whose boisterous laughter had disturbed the class)—"Say, Luther, why don't you put on a muffler?"

Freshman—Miss Overton, is North Carolina a dormant state

Miss Overton—Why? What do you mean?

Freshman—Why, I've just read a sentence which says that the toad spends the winter in a dormant state.

Frances Smith, one morning, after looking vacantly into the sky for five minutes, suddenly said: "Oh! By the way Annie Gertrude, I have a 'mulish' last go trade for you.' After Annie Gertrude traded with her, Frances innocently said, "Somebody said that you were the best dresser in town, but that you would make a much better chiffonier."

Miss Overton (to ninth English class, which was studying Franklin's Dialogue With the Gout)—"What is the gout?"

Dodie—"The gout? Why, it's a dialogue."

Miss Beckwith—"If you should live in any other country than the United States, which would you prefer?"

Camile (innocently)—California.

Miss Beckwith—Martin Luther, what are the uses of the skeleton?

Martin Luther Carson—The skeleton teaches young boys to know how to be doctors.

Robert Williams (in third grade)—Miss Lassiter, let us take some extra size. (Exercise).

Jimmie Warren to Miss Lassiter—Please put the monster's (monitors') names on the board.

Miss L—Jimmie, what do we mean by a truck farm?

Jimmie—A place where you keep trucks.

Larry Bullock—Miss Lassiter, when will we get that animal (annual) that you were telling us about?

Robert Burroughs was on Mrs. Wilson's music class practicing a song one day which read like this, "The 'orn of the 'unter is 'eard on the 'ill." This jarred Mrs. Wilson's nerves, so she asked him why he never sounded his H's. Robert replied "Don't you know there are no H's in music? It only goes up to G."

Miss Andrews, (calling roll)—Answer for yesterday morning and this morning, too.

Irvin Taylor—Twins!

Miss Overton—Define work, please.

Clarence—Never experienced any. Unprepared.

Robert (to photographer)—How much would it cost me to have a dozen life size pictures taken?

He then wondered why the photographer laughed.

D
S

Jimmie Warren
(monitors') names on the

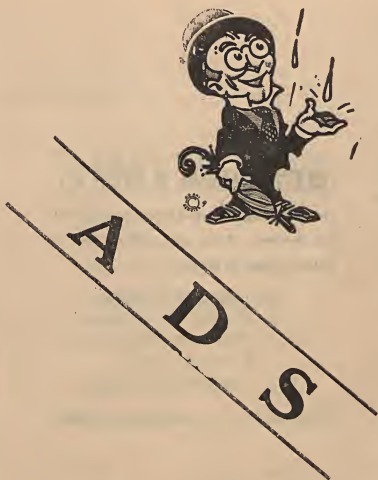
Miss L.—Jimmie, what do you mean by
Jimmie—A place where you keep crabs.

Larry Bullock—Miss Lasey—When will we get paid
(annual) that you were telling us about?

Robert Burroughs was on the Wilson's number when you
sang a song one day which runs like this, "The Lord of
Winter is 'eard on the 'ill." That caused Mrs. Wilson to leave,
so she asked him why he never so named his IP's. Robert replied
"Don't you know there are no IP's in music? It only goes up to
C."

Miss Andrews (calling roll)—Answer for yesterday morn-
ing and this morning, too.

Irvin Taylor—Twice?



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